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T H E Env. Poetry vol V.

State Bell-mans Collection of VERSES,

For the Year 1711.

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Most Humbly Dedicated to all his good Masters and
Mistresses, particularly to those of St. James
Westminster.

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*M*Y Masters tho' my Muse be dull,
If I speak Truth, Excuse the Fool.
I've walk'd my Rounds, perhaps have seen
More than some Folks, *God save the Queen.*

The Character of a Nobleman.

The Nobleman why he's a *Thing*
That's next in Honour to the King ;
But if his *Lordship's Knaves* or *Fool*,
At best he's but a *Noble Tool*.
Either to work with, or be wrought on,
As odd a *Thing* as can be thought on.
What signifies an empty Word,
His *Grace*, His *Highness*, or my *Lord*, }
Saving your Presence not a *Turd*. }
Tis

'Tis *Virtue* stamps his *Character*
 And adds a *Lustre* to his *Star*,
 If he be generous, brave and good,
 That gives a *Tincture* to his *Blood* ;
 But if he *Whig* or *Atheist* be,
 His *Title*'s but his *Infamy*.
 And this my *Lords* is the true *Case*,
 One speaks you *Great*, the other *Base*.

The Desponding Rebels.

What have I done, betray'd my *Prince*,
 I have, I have, and Oh the Sense,
 Of that vile *Act* has stab'd me to the Soul *We*
 I feel, I feel, already sure *W*
 Worse Tortures than the damn'd endure,
 Like them I grim and foam and guash my
 Teeth and howle.

But hence you guilty Thoughts begone,
 A Rebel never should look back,
 does but put him on the Wrack,
 Desponding Rebels eas'ly are undone ;
 No, I'll go on, and ne're mind what is past,
 He's a mean Wretch that will decline,
 To prosecute a bold Design,
 Because they tell him of a Law Divine,
 At worst it is but to be damn'd at laſt.
 Courage, my Friends, let's root out all the
 Kings,
 They're but a Set of empty uſeless Things,
 We never ſhall our laſting Greatneſſ ſee,
 Till we have quite deſtroy'd the Seeds of Monarchy.

The High Churchman's Wish.

Oh may I live to hail that glorious Day,
 And ſing loud Pœans in the crowded way,
 But When

When this deluded Nation shall agree,
 To save themselves, and their Posterity.
 May I once see all vile *Distinctions* cease,
 No factious *Zeal* disturb my Native *Isle*,
 Nor no base *Arts* my *Princes* Ears beguile,
 Oh may I live to see a *just* and *lasting Peace*.
 May I see *England's Church* Triumphant rise,
 And all her *Prelates* and her *Priests* combine,
 By *virtuous Lives*, and *Arguments Divine*,
 To raise their *Holy Mother* to the Skies.
 Hear me *Ob Heaven* this pond'rous Vow,
 May true *Succession* never fail,
 Nor may *Rebellious Arts* prevail
 But ev'ry *English Head* to th' *Rightful*
Monarch bow.

His Litany.

From all the *Mischiefs* we have cause to fear

Protect us *Heaven* in the ensuing Year.

From *Plots* abroad, *Conspiracies*, at home,

The sure *Presages* of a Nation's Doom.

From those base Men no Methods can restrain,

Who serve their *Country* and their *Prince* for
gain.

From *Atheists* and the *black Attempts* of those

That late declar'd themselves the *Churches*
Foes.

From *Modern Whigs* and from that *factionous*

Crew

That for old *Doctrines* would establish *New*

And from *False Friends*, may *Heaven* deli-
ver you.

Libera nos, &c.
From

The Whigg's Litany.

From a Queen that's true English, and wisely
intends,

To punish her Foes, and encourage her Friends.
And for former Mistakes makes ample Amends.

Libera nos, &c.

From a Council that's Loyal, Deliberate and Wise.
From a Senate that won't be impos'd on by Lies.
And a Mob that will not be Incited to Rise.

Libera nos, &c.

From a Clergy that basely won't swim with
the Tide,

From those Bishops that ne'er gave a Vote o
our side,
And from all whose Honour, and Faith has bee
try'd.

Libera nos, &c.

From being at Court and i'the City neglected,
 From having our Plots, and our Knaveries detected,
 And from being in Rebellious Juncts suspected.

Libera nos, &c.

& From being deprived of all Places and Power,
 And what's worse being in dread that ev'ry Hour,
 We shall hear that some Friends are sent to the
 Lies Tower.

Libera nos, &c.

From being the Dregs and Out-casts of a Nation,
 Where so lately we held the uppermost Station,
 And from being abridg'd in our wide Toleration.

Libera nos, &c.

B From

From being prevented to pull the Church down
 From Robbing the Kingdom and seizing the Crown,
 And from other Designs that we dare not now own.

Libera nos, &c.

From being expos'd for the Mischiefs w^{ch} have
 done,
 For murdering the Father, and betraying his Son,
 And insulting the present Queen on her Throne.

Libera nos, &c.

Their Reserve.
 The Junto met, and after some debate
 Morus begins, let's try to stem our Fate.
 Believe me Whiggs there is no way but one,
 And if that fail we must be all undone ;
 All the fine Schemes that Metalline had laid,
 Robert Harley. Are by the false Roberto's Wiles betray'd.

Nor

Nor will that active *Statesman* respite find,
 Till he has compass'd all he first design'd.

'Tis therefore my *Advice* without delay,
 To send some trusty *Messenger* away,
 We lose an Age each Moment that we stay.
France is our last Reserve, Observe me well,
 If we fail there, we must in course **Rebell.**

Their Grace at the Calves-Head Club.

May those good *Calve's-heads* that we lately
 tasted

Keep in our Minds the Cause for which we *fasted* ;
 And may we thus commemorate this Day,
 Till we have no more need to fast or pray.

Bless'd be those Saints, for ever blest be those
 That Murther'd *Charles* and ev'ry King oppose.
 Bless'd, Oh for ever Bless'd, be those good Men
 That give the next great Stroke, *Amen, Amen.*
 Their

[Redacted]

Their Method of getting and loosing Preferment.

By *Bribes* and *Threats* so many *Whiggs* at first
 Were mounted to the highest *Posts of Trust*.
 Some for their downright Railing were prefer'd,
 Others for secret *Villanies* were rear'd ;
 Some by their Wealth i'the other *Court* obtain'd,
 In this have *Honours* and *Preferments* gain'd.
 No *Prince* can help it but it must be so,
Knaves will get *Pardons* and good *Places* too.
 They never can with all their Care avoid,
 But that some *Villains* still will be employ'd.
 But sure the *Queen* that sees thro' the Disguise,
 Does all their *Arts* and little *Tricks* despise.
 She knows how wretchedly that *Monarch* rules
 That's serv'd by *Traitors* or advis'd by *Fools*,
 And therefore makes it one of her *main Ends*,
 To raise the best and wisest of her *Friends*.

 Taught

Taught by her *Father's* Fate too well she knows
 That *Knaves* of State are every *Prince's* Foes.
 Those who the *Church* and *Monarchy* defend,
 On those, and only those, she may depend,
 The rest all serve for *Interest* or *Design*,
 Or to betray, or else to countermine.

A Song at the Kit Cat Club.

Let our *Joys* be sublime,
 All *Virtue's* a Crime,
 In spight of the Wise
 We *Whiggs* will still rise
 And grow greater and greater in time,
 Then taft, freely taft of our Pleasure
 The *Kingdom's* our own with the Treasure,
 We'll *Rifle* and *Plunder*
 And keep the *Church* under
 Whilst the *Tories* stand waiting our Leisure.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Then let's luxuriously our selves enjoy,
 And drink and plot the *Nation* to destroy ;
 Revile each *Prince* and curse the *Thrones* they sit on,
 Not more *Grand Lewis* than the *Queen of Britain*.
 In hate t' the *Race* we'll cast anew the *Frame*,
 And *Damn* 'em all that ever bore that *Name*.

Their Resolution.

Disgrac'd Undone, and made the *Nation's Sport*,
 From *Places* turn'd, and banish'd from the *Court*.
 Why did we not (*Fools* as we were) foresee
 Our swift Destruction in a *Monarchy* :
 Some Madness seiz'd us sure, or we had seen
 Our certain Ruin in an *English Queen*.
 For *Fire* with *Water* sooner can unite
 Than we can own *Hereditary Right*.

We may for *Interest Loyalty* pretend
 But a true *Whig* can be no *Prince's Friend,*
Power is his Aim, and *Wealth* his chiefest End. }
 And we had both, and might have kept them still,
 Had we not been too sure, and manag'd ill,
 But since we cannot remedy what's past,
 It is resolv'd to stand it to the last.
 We have Money and some secret *Friends* at Court
 That will stand by us in our last *Effort.*
 This Comfort too we have, we cannot fall
 Ingloriously whilst we contend for all.

An Old Prophecy.

Out of our past *Confusions* rise there shall,
 A true *Supreme* acknowledged by all,
 In whom an Everlasting *Power* shall be
 Strongly confirm'd in the united *Three,*

Prince,

Prince, Lords and Commons shall in Friendship joyn,
And with one Hand and Voice, promote the good Design.

Success shall then await the *English Throne*,
And *Peace*, and *Truth*, at once re-enter shall,
Reason and *Faith*, shall then agree in one,
And all the *Virtues* to their *Counsels* call,
But e're this come to pass in publick View,
Most of the following Signs must first be true.
A *King* shall willingly himself *Unking*,
And thereby grow far greater than before,
The *Priests* their *Priesthood* to Contempt shall bring,
And thereby *Piety* shall thrive the more.
The *People* for a time shall be enslav'd,
And that shall set them for the future free
By *Private Loss*, the *Publick* shall be sav'd,
And

And *England* free from *Foreign Arts* shall be,
 The *City's Wealth* her *Poverty* shall cause ;
 The *Laws* Corruption shall restore the *Laws*.

A Modern Prophecy.

When *England* was made a *Confederacy's Tool*,
 And a Scorn to the World by her playing
 the Fool.

When the *Nation* was rob'd without any *Account*,
 And trapp'd into *Debts* she can never surmount.
 When *Whigs* were made *Bishops*, and true
Church-men slighted,
 And *Rebels* and *Atheists* for the *Villany Knighted*:
 When all this was done, and a thousand things
 more,

The *French*, without doubt, might have safe-
 ly come o're.

C

But

But when a *Prince* to the Good of the
Nation inclines,
And her *Counsel* is Just, and pursues her *Designs*.
When a *Senate* united shall *faithfully vote*,
Not for *Places* or *Pensions* or what's to be got,
When the *Prelates* and *Priests* in a joyn't *Con-*
vocation,
Shall *Religiously* act for the *Church* of the *Nation* ;
Then *England* in *Glory* and *Safety* shall Reign
The *Terror* of *France*, and the *Ballance* of *Spain* ;
And this we shall see if I ought can foretel,
Before many Months pass, so I bid you farewell.

The New Reformation.

Why should we boast of *Right* and *Law*,
And prate of *Reformation*.
When all we do 's not worth a Straw
To th' Welfare of the *Nation*.

What

What signifies a *Whore* or two,
 To *Bridewell* sent and whip'd,
 Whilst the great *Rogues* unpunish'd go,
 And all the *Kingdom's* strip'd ;
 If to Reform you are Inclin'd,
 First with Rich *Knaves* begin,
 And if you make them change their Mind,
 The Poor will soon come in.

All our Expence of *Blood* and *Coyne*,
 Has yet produc'd no Profit,
 State *Knaves* still frustrate the *Design*,
 And will what e're comes of it,
 We have shuffled out, and shuffl'd in,
 And even chang'd our very *King*,
 To make the Church the surer ;
 But yet in spite of all our Skill,
Atheists and *Whigs* infest her still,
 Nor is *Religion* purer.

And it can never but be so,
 Whilst such Men keep their *Station*,
 Men of base Souls and Spirits low,
 The *Vermin* of the Nation,
 Whose only aims are *Power* and *Wealth*,
 At which by *Rapine*, *Fraud* and *Stealth*,
 Audaciously they venture,
 Push'd on by their *Revenge* and *Pride*
 They Row, and swim with every *Tide*,
 And there their Wishes *Centre*.

Poor Rogues are whipp'd for petty *Crimes*,
 Because they're low, and little
 And in these good *Reforming times*,
 Make Satisfaction to a *Tittle*.
 Whilst the rich Rogues, and Rogues in power,
 Boldly the Nation's *Wealth* devour;

Our Cobweb *Laws* can't bind 'em.

Let them be *Lewd, Blaspheme, and Lye,*

Still the *Informers* pass them by,

Nor if they would, dare mind 'em.

The *Pettifoggers* scold, and bawl,

And do for *Trifles* sue,

Whilst the starch'd *Quoife* devours all,

And makes his *Clients* rue.

The greater *Tradesmen* eat the less,

Extort and Cheat, Trepant, Oppress,

Monopolize, Encroach.

That they may with the *Lord Mayor* fit,

To judge without *Law, Fear or Wit,*

And eke to keep a *Coach.*

Conscience is still the stale pretence,

That draws the *People* in,

When

When that has quite subdu'd their Sense,
They're fit for any Sin.

The *Preachers* too are proud and bold,
And will by no means be controul'd
In their exalted Station ;
And thus *Religion's* howerly made
A *Trap to Fools, to Knaves a Trade,*
A Blessed Reformation.

N. B. That the Bell-man intends to present his Masters and Mistresses with his Thoughts, concerning the present State of the Church of England, and his Notions of a General Peace in a Paper by themselves.

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